THE New Republic

**Norman Thomas Has His Say on the Democrats**

PAGE 7

# Billy Graham

## Successful Debunker of Success

*by Donald Meyer*

The Majority Don't Count . . . . . *Gus Tyler*

Charge-Account Prosperity . . . . . *Haldore Hanson*

WALLACE STEVENS 1879-1955

*"What more is there to love than I have loved"*

An Appreciation by Delmore Schwartz

AUG 31 1955

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# Washington Wire .... T.R.B.

**President Eisenhower** doesn't know whether to run again. No President, he pointed out recently, has reached 70 in office. Looking at Ike's strawberry-pink face at recent superheated press conferences—lacking fans and air-conditioners in an airless room, and bathed in blistering kleig lights since the Administration put the show on television—we have sometimes thought we could see dangers. Is it fair to the country, Ike asks in effect, to run at my age?

It seems to us that a lot of Ike's difficulty would evaporate if he had a Vice-President identified with his own Republican-center policies. Then with calmer feelings he could take his long Gettysburg week-ends, his two-month Denver vacation, and could delegate even more decisions to shrewd, waspish Sherman Adams who already, sometimes, seems to be America's real President.

**Richard Nixon** is the man who would succeed Ike. He is 42. Ike picked him personally in 1952 as a running mate, let him weep on his shoulder in the Checkers episode, gave him assignments round the world and, in the course of this, developed a personal affection for him frequently expressed publicly. Though GOP hierarchs won't admit it, they are scared stiff Ike won't run, but they *are* sure that if Ike does run, he will have Dick Nixon, the All American Boy, with him. That is fixed.

As a Congressman, Nixon belonged to the GOP right wing and voted as often as not against Ike's policies. As Vice-President, he has shown himself a bitter partisan. It was he who brightly exclaimed three months after taking office, "Isn't is wonderful that we finally have a Secretary of State who stands up to the Communists for a change?" Nixon believes in standing up to Communists. In the Indo-China crisis he told the American Society of Newspaper Editors that if the French quit fighting, it would be wise to send in US troops.

But it was the whirlwind finish of last year's Congressional campaign that really gave Nixon his chance. With careful and deliberate intent he toured the nation, making 200 speeches in 31 states, linking the Democrats, by inference, with Communists, Adlai Stevenson with Alger Hiss, and the party which subsequently won Congress with subversion. (Exactly the same tactics won Nixon his Senate seat over California Representative Helen Gahagan Douglas in 1950). Why, he asked at Cheyenne, is "the Communist Party fighting so desperately and openly for the defeat of Republican candidates?" At Las Vegas, he charged that if Democrats won Congress the security risks fired by Eisenhower "would be hired back." Adlai Stevenson, he cried, had not changed "since he testified for Alger Hiss." Repeatedly he asserted that the ADA "has never recognized the danger of Communism." (The left-wing ADA has, of course, been militantly anti-Communist). At Butte, Montana, Nixon proclaimed that he had taken a strong hand in the sudden revocation of the security clearance just given to Dr. Edward Condon, ex-Bureau of Standards head. He stumped California linking Democrats with subversion—a white-collar McCarthy.

**President Eisenhower** faced a moral crisis over Nixon just as he did over McCarthy in 1952. In each case he capitulated. Just how Ike rationalizes such situations even Ike's friends do not know. As the campaign closed, the press asked Ike what he thought of Nixon's speeches. He said he had not been following them. Next day he telegraphed Nixon saluting his valiant crusade.

If Nixon became President, Ike's great middle-road coalition would shatter like a pane of glass. Growled old Sam Rayburn, "I can stand charges of crime and corruption, but charges suggesting treason are unforgivable." Ike apparently has never understood this. He has built Nixon up. One stunt was to let Nixon "preside" at a cabinet meeting while Ike was away at Geneva. It was after Geneva, too, that all the notables welcoming Ike back stood in the rain because Nixon had banned umbrellas. Symbol of appeasement, you know, Chamberlain coming back from seeing Hitler, and all that.

Nothing illustrates so well the paradox of American politics today, and the weakness of the Republican party without Eisenhower, as the juxtaposition of those two men. Take away Ike and what do you get? Nixon.

**The healthiest thing** that has happened recently in the field of atomic secrecy is the surprised discovery of American businessmen over at Geneva that the British and Germans are out to grab the world market in selling reactors if they can, and that they can probably sell them cheaper than the US. Americans are hampered at every turn by the government secrecy policy. The howls of pain that this discovery evokes are being heard right across the Atlantic. Get those confounded Federal restrictions off, businessmen are shouting! It is a good and healthy sign. Nothing is likely to end atomic secrecy nonsense more quickly.

**Elizabeth Gurley Flynn** has never made any secret that she wants to overthrow the government, by force if necessary. This embattled woman of 65 is now in jail. Her beliefs are stupid, and she has a perfect right to them. The snivelling Communists are now suggesting that she ought to be released because world tension is easing. We never heard a more subversive idea in our life; of course she should be released, not because tension is easing but because in the US we are supposed to have free thought, free speech and the God-given right to express idiotic ideas. As always, the Communists are trying to debase democracy, this time by joyfully accepting the prime thesis of the militant anti-Communists, that the world's strongest nation is so frail and weak that it must keep an old revolutionary in jail until "tension moderates." How long are we going to stand on a chair, anyway, fearful of a mouse?

Congressmen like Rep. Francis Walter (D, Pa.), however, still think there's mileage in the anti-Communist racket. He is putting his Un-American Activities Committee on the road to investigate the case of Ensign Landy, the young Merchant Marine Academy graduate who picked the wrong mother; also some 27 figures in the New York entertainment field. There still may be some publicity left in this old story.

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# BEHIND THE HEADLINES

## Communist China's "Situations of Strength"

A SIMPLE equation can explain the slow pace of the Little Geneva talks: China wants more from the West than she has to give. Her trading stock is paltry. She cannot (as China views it) give up detained American civilians—one of her pawns—without achieving a bargain in which American civilians serve as a down payment on some bigger stakes.

The bigger stakes are not new, and have at no time been stated publicly as a price. The stakes include acceptance of Communist China into the world family of nations—for example, by UN membership and US recognition; they include lifting the trade embargo imposed by the UN and the US; they include acceptance of Chinese leadership in Asia, as might be accomplished in an Asian security pact negotiated under Chinese leadership.

Chou En-lai's problem is how to make the Geneva talks lead toward these goals. And Secretary of State Dulles is determined to defeat any such bargaining.

Recent reports from the Far East suggest that Communist China is building situations of strength which are not as benign as the Good Samaritan posture which Chou En-lai adopted at Bandung. In fact, time seems to be strengthening the Chinese hand, and argues for no haste at Geneva. Consider these situations:

*Korea*: "Volunteer troops" from Communist China are still stationed in North Korea, two years after the end of the fighting, and have recently been strengthened with fresh armament and planes. China has constructed a semicircle of jet fighter bases in Manchuria and North China, facing South Korea. Last week Chou En-lai warned President Syngman Rhee that if he persisted in his efforts to oust the Neutral Nations Supervisory Commission, he would incur "extremely grave consequences." Chou also broadcast to the world a proposal for a new international conference on Korea for the purpose of reaching a "peaceful settlement" between nations.

*Japan*: Last week Chou En-lai officially invited Premier Hatoyama of Japan to send an envoy to open diplomatic relations with China. Japanese businessmen are known to be eager to increase their trade with Communist China, trade which is now flowing at $7 million a month in each direction. The Chinese, on their part, want to find a way to buy Japanese machinery and other fabricated metal goods which are denied to them under the embargo.

*Indo-China*: A $400-million economic aid program from Communist China to North Vietnam is now under way, and Chinese military training units remain in that country.

*Malaya*: In this richest country of Southeast Asia (rubber and tin) overseas Chinese won coalition control in the elections last month. In the separate British colony of Singapore, Chinese make up 80 percent of the population and have always controlled a majority of the votes. A veteran *New York Times* correspondent in Asia wrote from Malaya last week that a feeling of nationalism among these overseas Chinese has caused political loyalties to turn increasingly toward Peking. And in view of a British pledge to grant self-rule shortly, Chinese may come into effective political control of a country by democratic means.

*Home front*: Chinese newspapers continue to reveal party purges and some farm riots, but there is equally strong evidence in the news that the Communist government is strengthening its political leadership through education, mass organizations, and state trading controls.

The position of a negotiator at any international talks is no stronger than the nation behind him. President Eisenhower at Geneva reflected the confidence of American military might and unmatched industrial capacity. On an Asian scale, the Communist Chinese negotiator at the Little Geneva talks reflects these growing situations of Chinese strength in Korea, Japan, Indochina, Southeast Asia, and on the Communist Chinese home front.

## Things Are Good But . . .

THOSE Democratic prophets of gloom and doom are at it again. Just as the bouncily optimistic Administration spokesmen were waving with particular pleasure the declining national unemployment figure for July of 3.7 percent, the Department of Labor was reporting that there were 140 areas in 35 states which have unemployment in excess of six percent. Textile, railroad and mining towns in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and West Virginia lead the list of areas which are not sharing in the current business upswing. Textiles are suffering from the introduction of new "miracle" fabrics, and from Asian competition; the coal industry has been badly hurt by the railroads switching to diesel engines and by the increased use of oil for heating. Some places, like southern Illinois where unemployment is at 20 percent, are chronically troubled. Department of Labor experts admit privately that there is little prospect of improvement for these benighted areas no matter how brightly the rest of the economy blooms.

While the Administration seems disinclined to look at sickly trees in our flourishing forest, Sen. Paul Douglas (D, Ill.)—that old gloomer and doomer—has introduced a bill for the relief of the distressed areas. It would provide loans for the construction of factories and grants for public works; lure new industries into poor towns by allowing fast tax write-offs; provide for the rehabilitation of the unemployed; extend unemployment benefits to those who accept retraining; aid local industries to get government contracts; channel surplus foods into the needy areas.

The bill will go to the Senate Labor Committee when Congress returns in January, and Senator Douglas himself

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is slated to be chairman of the subcommittee that studies it—which gives a bright outlook for the bill in the upper house. Rep. John A. Blatnik (D, Minn.) is expected to offer a version of the legislation in the House. Democrats in Congress, scenting another rare campaign issue, are not encouraging their Republican colleagues to get into the act.

## When Politics and Foreign Policy Collide

THE EISENHOWER ADMINISTRATION made a courageous decision on foreign trade last week—perhaps the most courageous of its two-and-a-half years in office—but it isn't talking about it. The decision was to throw out Secretary Ezra Benson's plan to unload 8 million bales of surplus cotton on the world market. The Administration is silent because it offended powerful farm and textile manufacturing interests in the US, and ignored the pleas of the most influential Southern Democrats who support the President, including Senator Walter George of Georgia.

The process by which this decision was reached affords an interesting example of what happens when Administration foreign policy and its domestic policy collide head-on. Here is a reconstruction of the obscured events:

*Act 1.* Cotton farmers are responsible for most of the piling-up of farm surplusses during the past few years. The present stockpile of $8.5 billion in farm commodities includes 8 million bales of cotton, enough to supply US needs for a full year. The Secretary of Agriculture has been cutting cotton acreage for three years, and this year allowed the smallest planting since 1909. But still the surplus grows. American exports of cotton have actually been declining, because other countries peg their prices just below the US market, and undersell us.

*Act 2.* As the new cotton marketing year approached on August 1, farm organizations demanded greater Government effort to sell cotton. Sen. Strom Thurmond (D, S.C.) proposed that the Department of Agriculture be ordered to sell the surplus cotton on the world market at competitive prices, not US prices, and that quotas should be imposed on cotton imports to prevent cheap US cotton abroad from flowing back into the US. Secretary Benson, yielding to pressure, proposed to sell the entire American surplus cotton stock on the world market at world prices. Secretary of State Dulles refused to approve, because it would critically injure cotton-selling US allies. The Egyptian Government lodged a diplomatic protest, noting that Egypt obtains more than 80 percent of its foreign exchange from cotton exports. World trade in cotton slowed to a standstill awaiting the American decision, which amounted to dumping.

*Act 3.* Secretaries Benson and Dulles carried their dispute before the President's Council on Foreign Economic Policy, headed by Detroit Banker Joseph Dodge. The Council is a studious organ, working from extensive research and position papers. In late July the Council rejected Secretary Benson's proposal.

*Act 4.* Senator George felt compelled to intervene at this point. He is up for re-election in 1956, represents a major cotton state, and is criticized back home for worrying more about Summit meetings in Geneva than the lowly cotton farmer in Georgia. George led a delegation of cotton state Congressmen to call on President Eisenhower—110 of them, reporters said. He asked the President to review the findings of his Foreign Economic Council at a Cabinet meeting. This was astute politics, for the Cabinet works from no careful research papers, and its decisions tend to be based on expediency when domestic politics are concerned.

*Act 5.* The Cabinet took up the issue. Benson presented the case for mass cotton exports, and Dulles made his rejoinder about the injury to friendly countries. But here Senator George's calculations went awry. Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey said he opposed the cotton export plan because the losses would affect the 1956 budget deficit. (His reasoning was this: Commodity Credit Corporation would sell cotton at a loss under the Benson proposal. CCC losses would be charged against capital stock until next year, when Congress would be asked to replenish the Corporation funds. The appropriation would add to the budget deficit.) Secretary of Commerce Weeks said he could not go along with the Benson proposal because of the return flow of cheap cotton imports made of US cotton abroad, and he felt a cotton quota would not be feasible. Result: the Cabinet turned down Secretary Benson and the cotton farmers.

The *London Economist* commented: "Like the stag's antlers, the dilemma of American farm policy puts out new branches each year and the Secretary of Agriculture becomes ever more painfully impaled."

Under present Congressional authorizations, the US disposed of $350 million in farm surplus through the foreign aid program last year, and the Department of Agriculture sold another $450 million in surplus for local currencies abroad. Even this level of food exports seriously injured some Free World countries—notably such rice exporters as Thailand and Burma, who were hurt by our rice sales to Japan. State Department econo-


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Michael Straight, *Editor*
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Helen Fuller, *Managing Editor*
Allan E. Aird, *Business Manager*

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Eric Bentley, *Theatre Critic*
Delmore Schwartz, *Poetry Editor*

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mists believe we have reached the limit that sales gimmicks can go without harm.

But Congress thinks we should do better, and has set a 3-year target of $1.5 billion in food "sales" abroad. Secretary Benson has obliged by hiring a sales manager from private industry and a trained staff of salesmen. Political heat from such leaders as Sen. George may well increase in the 1956 election year.

## Cracks in the Wall of Atomic Security

THE NIGHT before the formal inauguration of the international conference on the peaceful uses of atomic energy snow fell on the upper reaches of the Alps and the Jura. The outer air in Geneva was still bitterly cold the next morning when 1,260 men from 72 countries, whom UN Secretary-General Hammarskjold called "master builders" of the new nuclear era, flocked to a rendezvous which may also turn out to be mankind's with destiny. In the great hall of the Palais des Nations, with its pastel-tinted chromolithographic murals symbolizing the sugary optimism of the old League of Nations epoch, the atmosphere was different. It wasn't warm but tentatively tepid, and as carefully controlled in its own way as the meeting of the disparate explosive elements in a nuclear reactor.

The members of what is undoubtedly the largest and most important brain trust ever assembled came to tell all they knew about how to make the atom a boon rather than scourge. If they didn't reflect Father Divine's "Peace, it's wonderful," they did reflect the new spirit of Geneva, "Peace, it's necessary." Some countries, notably the ABC of Latin America, Argentina, Brazil and Chile, chose military men as their representatives—Chile, its Under-Secretary of War. There were at least a dozen Nobel Prize winners among the delegates, all inconspicuous to the naked eye; the soldiers, especially the three gaudily dressed officers of the Dominican delegation, could be spotted far more easily.

**And right** from the start, the political aspect of this scientific conference was plain. Hammarskjold was scarcely understating when he said that "it would not be correct to say that the deliberations have no political significance." The extent and the quality of the applause given to Admiral Strauss' reading of a message from the White House showed that everyone recognized this fact. All the Russian delegates joined in the applause, clapping in well-schooled unison. The opening address of India's distinguished scientist Homa Bhabha, who presided over the conference, was full of politics. Pandit Nehru saw to it that the atom should be harnessed in the service of Delhi's continuing political peace offensive by equipping the Indian delegation with a political advisor, Arthur Lall, permanent representative of India at the UN.

Bhabha regretted that there was no "direct" representation at the atom conference of "about a quarter of the world's population"—meaning Communist China. Naturally there wasn't any applause from the American delegation—or from anyone else, for that matter. The Indian remained political when he pointed out that the rise of a peaceful atomic power industry would inevitably "put into the hands of many nations quantities of fissile material, from which the making of atomic bombs will be but a relatively easy step." The only safeguard, he said, was the creation of an "international society in which the major states have agreed to maintain peace." Meantime, it was to be hoped that "through the remarkable improvement in the political climate which has taken place recently and which we hope will continue" the remaining barriers to the exchange of knowledge—"perhaps the most important possession of man"—will gradually disappear altogether.

During the first days of the conference, the Soviet delegates (and those of the Iron Curtain countries) competed with the Americans in providing many of the outward signs of Eisenhower's new spirit. But, as at the Big Four, they were also-rans. Professor Skobeltzin was far behind Admiral Strauss who maintained consistently—and convincingly as well as ably—the attitude (or the appearance) of old-world grace, charm and tact. Moreover, except for some technical and essentially minor details, for example about their atomic power station—small, but the first operating on a practical basis anywhere in the world—the Russians *offered* to tell little that wasn't already known to the Americans, the British and the French.

Nevertheless, a great deal more emerged during the discussions. Questions were asked, especially by the Americans and British, and the answers were full and frank. If there was a conflict, it was not between the scientists of the West and of the East; it was between different schools of scientists in all countries—to cite one example, between the proponents of pressurized water reactors and those of boiling water reactors. And if there was difficulty, it was in the simultaneous interpretation into the four official languages—English, French, Spanish and Russian—of infinitely complex technical statements.

At one point Professor Blokhintsev of the Russian delegation said that his country was "proceeding" to the building of the 100,000 KW reactor and of other reactors. In the English version this became a statement that the big reactor would be built within one year. The difference came out at one of the briefing sessions held by the UN staff of scientific secretaries. And here too, there were difficulties, partly because these specially named "intellectual interpreters" tried to steer clear of what they called "value judgments" and partially also because, not daring to trust their own scientific judgment in the complex matters, they referred reporters back to the original speakers—which created a chain reaction of problems for the journalists.

**Other interesting** details about the Russian progress in science and engineering also came out—interesting if the Russian information and statistics can be trusted. For example, the consumption of power in the Soviet Union, power from all sources, and especially for the use of heavy industry production and scientific research rather than for lifting the standard of living of the people, is reported to be almost as high per capita as that of the US.

The conference has already more than justified itself. I have this primarily on the authority of eminent scientists of a number of nations, neither the US nor Russia, for my own power to judge is, in the terms of propulsive power, as roller skates are to jet engines. I am told that extraordinarily valuable material has been made public for the first time, and that the basis of a sound and continuing co-operation between atomic scientists of all nations is in fact being created.

*Geneva* PERCY WINNER

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# Conscience and Civil Defense

**by Dorothy Day**

**On June 15, citizens in a number of American cities were required to take shelter during a mock thermonuclear attack. Thirty persons in New York City refused to take shelter and were arrested. Among them was Dorothy Day, whom *Commonweal* magazine has described as "certainly one of the great, heroic figures in the history of American Catholicism." The *New Republic* has asked Miss Day to tell her story.**

A GROUP from the War Resisters League, the Protestant Fellowship of Reconciliation, the Peacemakers, and the Catholic Workers planned to gather in City Hall Park on the afternoon of June 15th. While some of us were to remain in the park in a demonstration of civil disobedience, not taking shelter when the nation-wide civil defense drill scheduled for that day started, a few others would go to the office of the mayor of New York and present him with a statement, giving our reasons for disobeying the Civil Defense Act. The statement explained that "such publicized civil defense tests help to create the illusion that the nation can . . . shield people from war's effects. We can have no part in creating this illusion." We pointed out that the entire demonstration was to instill fear into the population and that we, as pacifists, would not take part in this psychological warfare.

Ammon Hennacy, associate editor of the *Catholic Worker,* who has never paid income tax and has picketed every year has always observed the Gandhian practice of notifying the authorities of his plans. He sent out notices as usual before the June 15th demonstration, and that morning the *New York Times* reported that the police intended to arrest all violators of the law. The penalty for disobedience was one year in jail or a $500 fine, or both.

We never had the opportunity to present our letter to the mayor that afternoon. Before we reached City Hall Park, we noticed a police van drawn up to the curb. The sirens had not ceased sounding the alarm when auxiliary police and air raid wardens came up to us and, after asking if we were going to take shelter and hearing our refusal, announced that we were under arrest.

We were assisted, 30 of us, into the van and driven to the Elizabeth Street station where we sat for some hours until we were booked and searched. Then the men were taken to the Delancy Street station, and we eleven women to the Thirtieth Street station. There we were locked in separate cells in a gloomy cage. There were wooden ledges on which we could sit or lie down, and an open toilet in the corner of each cell. Some hours later, after we had asked a number of times if it would not be possible for us to send out for some food (several of the defendants had not eaten since early morning) and had been ignored, we were taken to the court building and held again in a crowded cell; some had to sit on the floor or stand for seven hours. Other women—drunk or disorderly, a drug addict, a girl who had been arrested with a young man suspected of being connected with the numbers racket—were put in with us during the course of the evening.

**When finally** we were brought to night court about 11 p.m., we were thoroughly exhausted. Before being brought in to the court room, where many of the friends and associates of our four organizations had gathered, we were herded again, men and women together this time, into a cell, so small and crowded that everyone had to stand. In the courtroom we were lined up in a half circle around Judge Louis Kaplan, who was on the bench that night. The clerk began calling out the names and mispronounced so many of them completely that one of the young girls giggled and there was some smiling. This was the incident that was so misrepresented in the papers. One newspaper spoke of the riot caused by the pacifists in the courtroom, and another accused a young woman of "lunging" at the judge.

When Judge Kaplan angrily shouted something like "What is the meaning of this?", Judith Beck, who has been acting all summer with the Living Theatre in Racine's *Phedre,* spoke out: "We are hungry, Judge. We are lightheaded."

Miss Beck's answer so excited the judge that he shouted that she be brought forward, and when she stood before him, he asked her if she had ever been confined to a mental institution. Angered by this, she answered, "No, have you?" Evidently in retaliation for this "answering back," Judge Kaplan ordered her to be committed for observation at Bellevue where she was forced to remain until she could be bailed out the next day.

**Judge Kaplan** took a recess after this scene, and it was only when he returned to the room some 10 minutes later that he ordered the court cleared, calling in 35 policemen, according to the papers. Making a speech in court he called the defendants "murderers," and placed each of us under $1,500 bail. Expecting that a misdemeanor would rate $25 or $50 at the most, our lawyers had come prepared with sufficient funds for that amount. The much higher figure meant that everyone had to spend the night or two nights in prison until the bail could be raised.

When we were brought to court the following week, the case was set to be heard on September 14—at which time our lawyers are planning to challenge the constitutionality of the New York Civil Defense Act, asking for a jury trial in Special Sessions court instead of Magistrate's court. Four of us from the *Catholic Worker* group prefer to plead guilty to civil disobedience and accept a jail sentence rather than pay a fine, and so call attention to what is happening to civil liberties in this time of hysteria in America. The rest of the demonstrators will plead "not guilty," feeling that they are acting within their rights in a conscientious effort to bear witness and to bring their convictions before their fellow citizens.

*New York City*

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# How I See the Democrats

**by Norman Thomas**

THERE is an ancient story of the woman who recommended herself as a children's nurse on the ground that she had had ten children and lost them all. In like fashion do I, having lost six Presidential campaigns, qualify myself as expert advisor to the Democratic Party on political tactics for 1956.

I shall agree with writers in the *New Republic* and elsewhere who allege that the Party might have an easier time defeating Eisenhower in the probable event that he will run again if it had made a record of more vigorous, consistent and constructive criticism of him and his administration. That is what the obvious logic of political campaigning would seem to suggest. But it is a logic which overlooks certain facts. In order thus to campaign against Eisenhower, the Democratic Party would have to be more united than it is, have a program which it lacks, and a greater zeal than I suspect some of its leaders have for supplanting Eisenhower in the White House with any available Democrat.

As I see the situation (and I travel quite a lot) if the election were held next week and Eisenhower were the Republican candidate, he would win by a reduced majority over Stevenson or any other Democrat. Even so I should expect the Democrats to control both houses of Congress, perhaps by increased majorities.

By no means do I project this rather confident prophecy into the fall of 1956. Too many things may happen. The present prosperity of the United States, at least superficially, is very impressive. I am not sure that it is equally sound. Too much of our conspicuous spending is on the installment plan and the stock market boom is not without its dangers. There are, moreover, too many definite and important groups which do not adequately share in the prosperity which itself is still tied in no small degree to defense spending. But this sort of thing is not what Democratic Cassandras can now say effectively. It is not what a great many of them want to say or even to think. What they want with varying degrees of intensity is party victory in 1956 in a *prosperous* America. But I suspect that a good many Democratic leaders would settle in 1956 for victory in Congress if the price of trying too hard for the presidency should be a party split.

In most Congressional districts, at least in a non-presidential year, a candidate can run on his party's name, making his own platform as he goes. In presidential years, this is harder. No matter how a candidate may try to be all things to all men he does have to lay down something of a party line on national issues even at the risk of dividing his own followers. This happened to Stevenson in 1952. It will happen to Stevenson or any other candidate in 1956. But in 1954, when there was no presidential election, the sharp differences of opinion in the Democratic ranks were minimized in Congressional campaigns. Hence the Democrats won rather easily, aided by the general preference of voters for the Democratic rather than the Republican label and by the Democrats' ability to exploit divisions in the Republican ranks.

I do not think it stupid politics for Democratic leaders consciously or instinctively to try to reproduce this sort of campaign as far as may be possible in a presidential year. The Democratic Party, at the moment typified by the beautiful friendship between Senators Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey, and the public silence of the eloquent Adlai Stevenson on the segregation issue, has been doing very well for itself. It will have harder going in a presidential campaign.

True, the Democrats appear to be more united than the Republicans in foreign policy. But aside from the natural and to some extent proper hesitancy about making foreign policy a partisan issue, the Democrats can't make much out of their policy which amounts to little more than pressure on Eisenhower to talk like Senator George rather than like Secretary Dulles. That is not a program to arouse the mass of voters. Besides, unless there should be unlikely decisive development in foreign affairs, the next election will turn almost entirely on domestic issues.

And here the Democrats are at least as badly divided as the Republicans. They have indeed saved some of Eisenhower's proposals from his enemies in his own party but only when those proposals might fairly be regarded as consistent with what Democrats would regard as New Dealism (and I as watered down socialism) in the welfare state. But by no means have the Democrats been unanimous in saving the President from his Republican enemies. There was plenty of Democratic opposition to the President's very modest proposals for fairer trade. There are plenty of Democratic Congressmen who were not at all enthusiastic for an increase in the level of minimum wage. Southern Democrats who put up something of a fight for TVA have not joined in a fighting power program to cover the whole nation. A party so many of whose leaders were zealous for the giveaway program in

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Tidelands oil is scarcely in a position to fight the Administration as it ought to be fought because of its giveaway policy of the Interior Department. I can recall speeches and statements by Mr. Stevenson which were critical of the President, but I cannot recall that Mr. Stevenson and his advisors have systematically crusaded for a comprehensive program of river valley authorities on the TVA model.

In the field of civil rights where Mr. Truman took so strong and positive a lead, the inescapable fact is that the Republican Department of Justice joined the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in attacking segregation on constitutional lines before the Supreme Court at the very moment that Mr. Stevenson was wooing Herman Talmadge and the Eisenhower Democrats in the South. Did he believe that the liberals, including Northern Negroes, would have to support him anyhow? (My own guess is that the continuing fight over integration of schools will require presidential candidates of both parties to speak out. I doubt that any Democratic candidate can find a formula to hold together the embattled segregationists of the Democratic South and the Northern Negroes who in recent years have contributed so much to Democratic success.)

In the face of such facts, and the continuing truth that differences within both our major parties are so much greater than on the average between them, I think the Democratic leaders are playing their hand about as well as it can be played.

What is really at stake in this discussion isn't a question of Party tactics but rather of philosophy and program. We are at peace. Prosperity is high. The welfare state is firmly established, mostly by the development of ideas nowhere to be found in the Democratic or Republican platforms of 1932 but fairly familiar to socialists. The Republicans have taken these ideas more reluctantly on the average than the Democrats, but it is still in the Democratic Southern states that wage standards are lowest and anti-union sentiment strongest. Given a welfare state, it is somewhat difficult to make a crusade out of struggles for more or less, especially when they so often involve more for this interest at the expense of that.

Literally from a thousand platforms, I have waxed caustic about the confusions of our politics and urged the necessity of a new political alignment. Never have I believed more strongly in that necessity than today, but preceding it there must be a new appraisal of their political and economic situation by the American people. The coming of the welfare state, the dominant concern over war or peace; the present prosperity; the growth in power of certain strong labor unions—these developments were foretold neither by Adam Smith nor Karl Marx. Most of us, socialists as well as non-socialists, still use a language which no longer conforms strictly to the facts. A clarification of tactics in large measure must wait upon the emergence of one or more "permanent issues," or a restatement of the doctrines both of capitalism and democratic socialism.

# Billy Graham—and Success

**by Donald Meyer**

JUST twenty years ago, well after the religious wars of the 1920's, Thornton Wilder published the most beguiling of his off-beat classics, the humorous, tender, serenely-written *Heaven's My Destination*. The fact that the book appeared in 1935 made it strange, since the sophisticates had by then turned from their *Kulturkampf* with the primitive folk, to politics. The fact it was a tender as well as humorous book made it strange, since satire, scorn and condescension had been the accepted modes for sophisticated appreciation of the Folk, as in Lewis, Mencken and Lippmann. Wilder, a little late, toured the same fundamentalist heartland, the same Baptist colleges, the same revival circuits, and came up, not with Elmer Gantry, grotesque hypocrite, but with George Brush, a comic St. Francis of Assisi, or better, a comic Alyosha Karamazov, and a true saint in his own person.

For sophistication, these two styles for apprehension of a primitive folk are convenient: satire, which is likely to be heavy, like Lewis—and comedy, which is likely to be light, like Wilder. But sophistication today pines for tragedy; unable to body it out, settles for irony; and complains that the folk will accept roles for neither. The folk simply settles in against the tragic weather. In one of the few adornments of a highly unadorned manner, Billy Graham pictures the hope: "The storm was raging . . . The sea was beating . . . The lightning was flashing, the thunder was roaring, the wind was blowing; but the little bird was asleep in the crevice of the rock . . . That is peace: to be able to sleep in the storm!"

This is highly frustrating. Having lost heart for satire and comedy, sophistication is embarrassed at finding a kind of parody of its own tragic illuminations. So far as Billy Graham is concerned, well might it be embarrassed. Unlike his leading competitors in the popular religious

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*Donald Meyer will shortly join the history faculty of the University of California at Los Angeles.*

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revival, Graham does not preach that the storm does not exist (if only you believe it does not exist). He does not preach reassurance and self-help. He conforms to the mood of the post-liberal disillusionment, and indeed, in the range of his attack upon false idols, ranks with the most vigorous of the realists. The American standard of living, for instance: Graham hurls himself at "the beautiful full-color magazine advertisements . . . the shining new cars . . . the gleaming rows of electric refrigerators and automatic washing machines . . . the fat chickens cooking in brand-new copper-bottomed pots." This is remarkable. Not many men have won popularity in these days while denying the sanctity of "this fully electrified, fully automatic, chrome-plated economy of ours." Also, along with material progress, he attacks faith in political freedom, in education, in Nature, in Conscience, in Will—all of them articles in the faith of classic American liberal individualism. He does not mean that these are bad things in themselves; but he means that they are not saving things, that they will not suffice us in our needs any longer, and that we are damned who still put our faith in them. In this, he hardly stands alone.

But Graham, at this common point of prophetic disillusionment, turns in the direction which makes the post-liberals uneasy. He turns to the Bible; he holds it up before us, he slams it down, he thrillingly intones, "Here is the answer." He proposes what looks like fundamentalist piety, and this provokes the unpleasant apprehension of a new groundswell of pre-liberal religious and social obscurantism.

If apprehension is justified, it is at least worthwhile to recognize that the grounds for it are a little more complicated, whether or not less unpleasant, than any old-fashioned liberal suspicions of Bible piety might indicate.

There is one aspect of the life of fundamentalist piety which is crucial: it is a life of certitude. It is the life of perfection. There are no doubts, no real choices to be made, no expanses of experience where right and wrong, the nourishing and the corrupting, the healing and the killing, cannot instantly be distinguished. As Graham says, "We are never to do anything of which we are not perfectly clear and certain." As he says, the Bible has *all* the answers; it fills in the missing pieces, it bridges the harrowing gaps. Graham understands perfectly how far it is necessary to go in order to offer such final security. Thus, he plays up, he does not play down, the Devil. The Devil is "a creature of vastly superior intelligence, a mighty and gifted spirit of infinite resourcefulness." Why does he insist upon this? Because he knows that his audiences cannot and do not want to wrestle with the problems which oppress them; by emphasizing the Devil's power, he can conclude: "You cannot argue with him for he is the greatest debater of all time." Remembering that the Devil is the Tempter, we see that Graham's audiences are not expected to know the arguments against the temptations of which they are the victims. Graham himself, pretty certainly, does not. But he does know the depth of the need. Not in Progress, not in Prosperity, not in politics, not in education, not in Nature, not in Conscience, not in Will, not even in your own feelings, do you place your reliance. Then where? In the Bible, which tells you to repent so that you can be saved, repent, so that you do not damn yourself by trying to save yourself. It is not new confidence which is desired, nor refreshment of the Will. "I once asked an army officer which he would rather have on the field of battle—courage or obedience. He flashed right back, 'Obedience.' God would rather have your obedience than anything else."

GRAHAM, in other words, is not, as Billy Sunday was, a mere representative of the Bible Belt leading another massive unilateral folk aggression upon modernism. Fundamentalism could not be preached today by a mere folk champion, like Sunday or William Jennings Bryan, or like Elmer Gantry. It is of some weight that Graham dwells very little upon the sins which fascinated the folk of the twenties, those sins of the pagan and urban East: sex, liquor, modern science and sophisticated culture. The barbs of a Mencken or a Lewis would be thought off-target today. Far from promoting another culture-battle, Graham is leading a retreat back into the fortress of the faith, among people whom the modern world outside has burdened with expectations they have not fulfilled. Only a particular sort of preacher could do this, and Graham is that particular sort: he is glamorous. Billy Sunday was not, nor was Bryan, nor was Elmer Gantry. But Graham is glamorous.

Beautifully groomed, beautifully assured, brilliant in profile, beautifully tonic, Graham comes to his audiences, a man who on the plain evidence of his personal presence is equipped to meet all the requirements of the American cult of happy, healthy living, popularity, and self-assurance. If he is to tell his audiences what they need to hear, this is essential, for he tells them that the cult is not worth pursuing.

Once an ideal, now an obsession, once a perfume, now a miasma, once a mild exhibitionism, now an anxious narcissism, the cult of happy living has come to weigh heavily upon a huge proportion of Americans, upon an increasing number, pathetically. Its requirements—high color, high lines, high assurance, high mobility, sex safe but successful, cheerful and untiring consumption of goods—are, in the flattest, blankest, most unsparing fashion, beyond satisfaction by most people. Most of all by the non-metropolitan folk, not absolutely surrounded by the style, dress, talk, consumption and pace which allow even those not young, not vibrant, not beautiful or handsome, not mobile in status and manners, to endure the happiness cult in the cities. This is the audience Graham taps, people who 30 years ago were not yet deeply af-

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fected by the standards of prosperous happiness, but who, between then and now, have been exposed to the virus, whose folk culture has been overlaid by mass culture. They have been infected, and now they are ready for someone to neutralize, to devalue, to discount the cult of personality for them. World disorder is simply the occasion for facing this deeper disorder. Graham can do it. Because of what he is, because he himself is vibrant full-color personality, he can give good conscience to those afraid to discount and dismiss the cult directly for themselves. "Repent," he cries; the glamorous figure in the spotlight, master of his super-stage, fixes you with his cry, and it is the one thing you can do which he tells you to do—"repent." The sin for which you repent is the sin of having fallen victim to the impossible vision of salvation portrayed in the beautiful, full-color magazine advertisements, where life is always slim and gleaming. You are not slim and gleaming, and Graham—because he is—can give you the nerve no longer to want to be. He can tell you to seek your salvation elsewhere.

You will seek it as and where he tells you—in the Bible—if you have never really given up the pre-liberal Bible in the first place, but have only neglected it in your submission to the pervasive infiltrating cult, have become a Baptist uneasy in your Buick of a Sunday. It is easier for Graham systematically to dismiss the false idols of liberalism than for the post-liberal tragedists, because he is free to tap the still undissipated reservoirs of the pre-liberal Bible tradition, never much affected by the liberal enlightenment. Never having been liberal in their culture before, his audiences will not be troubled by Graham now. Nor will they be troubled by the fact that Graham's answer to their needs stands counter to the tradition of self-help, individual will and competitive salvation which Norman Vincent Peale attempts to rekindle among others today. Peale, interestingly, often refers to his success with people who had long been indifferent to the church, while a huge proportion of those whom Graham "converts" are already church-members. Peale throws his converts back into the battle, Graham pulls them out of it. For it is a mistake to assume that Americans have unanimously risked their souls in the world of competition and self-help, a mistake to forget how massive have been the evangelical movements to achieve a fixed perfection, immune to the flux of Progress. Graham's striking appeal in Scotland and England follows, for in Scotland and England, there is an evangelical piety still more intact than in America, even more vulnerable to intimidation by modern happiness.

Now the post-liberal tragedists conclude, as the climax of their illumination, that there is no escape from life in fluxless certitude; they prefer courage over obedience on the battlefield. They protest especially when Graham implies that return to the Bible will meet the threat of the H-bomb as well as of unhappiness, of Communism as well as of conscience, although this has little to do with his appeal. But before Graham be dismissed, it might well be asked if his success indicates a widespread desertion and escape into the rigid sleep of perfectionism, or whether perhaps it does not suggest the first phase of a process wherein many members of our society will make their struggle in good faith. Read your Bible daily, Graham says; it has the answers. Well, the Bible is very strong literature. Generations of an older America fed on it as the staple of their intellectual and spiritual lives, and by and large it always worked on the side of individual courage, not the less so for failing in conformity to liberal creeds. It is not necessarily something so primitive, so obscurantist, or so joyless that takes place when the ordinary man or woman takes up the Bible seeking answers. When it is taken up today, the very act is already in itself a self-creative motion, for it means that an act of detachment of the self from its false idols and false consciousness has already occurred, that an act of self-recognition, distinguishing the self from the valuelessness around it, giving it a radically private reality, is already in process.

And is this not the very model of the reform for which all hands are calling? Personality is to be extricated from the loyalties which disintegrate it. If Graham's flock does really turn to the Bible, seeking now some absolute closure against invasion from the emptiness around them, they may be expected later to re-awaken from sleep, as again believers in themselves. What a new piety might demand in the future, is not to be predicted. But it ought to be comprehended with more sympathy than it has been given in the past. When a good half of the analytic energy of intellectuals in the past ten years has been spent—in psychology, in political theory, in the novels of adolescence, in social history and economics, in work on the mass media—trying to grasp all that life which Enlightenment, rationalism and liberalism ignored, it is mere dogmatism to re-instate the old instincts of sophistication against Graham's flock.

Thornton Wilder for one was wiser. He would be fascinated, not so much by Graham himself as by the people who may try to live by such advice as this: "The Christian should stand out like a sparkling diamond against a rough background. He should be more wholesome than anyone else. He should be poised, cultured, gracious, but firm in the things that he does and does not do. He should laugh and be radiant, but he should refuse to allow the world to pull him down to its level." This is advice neither for the liberal nor for the tragic life, but it is certainly advice restoring nerve to a basic quality in popular American culture in the past, a hardness of the private self against the pressure of abstraction in the world. Longing for hardness themselves, sophisticates cannot satirize it this time; they might possibly find their own hardness through sympathy for it.

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# Charge-Account Prosperity

**by Haldore Hanson**

A GREY-HAIRED shoeshine man in a Washington hotel was so downcast the other day that a customer asked the trouble. It turned out that the man's son had bought a $400 combination television set, one of those "no money down and we deliver in an hour" deals. When the son failed to meet the payments, finance company collectors began to hound the father. "Even talked to my boss," the shoeshiner said moodily.

A few days later the customer returned for a shine and this time found the bootblack full of cheer. "Got that straightened out, yes, sir," he said. "The collectors took back the set. Then they writes a new policy starting over clean fresh. And they threw in a new model television set too."

The moral of this story used to be clear. The man is improvident. He should not be in debt. He should save and pay cash. But 1955 offers another moral, if one can judge by the average American wage earner. Millions of American families in the first half of 1955 spent more than they earned. These families are the largest single factor in the Eisenhower business boom. Since January 1 they borrowed half a billion dollars a month to pay for new cars and appliances on the installment plan. They borrowed a billion dollars a month for new homes. For six consecutive months the consumer debt of the United States reached an all-time high.

Debt has become a new orthodoxy—a Keynesian philosophy for the family, and everyone wants it that way. The buyer wants to buy. The seller wants to sell. The lender wants to lend. The industrialist wants to produce. And George Humphrey, Secretary of the Treasury, hopes it goes on forever.

But some of these indebted families are getting into trouble, or skirting very near it, and that is Secretary Humphrey's biggest problem. How do we tighten up on loose credit practices without putting a crimp in the credit boom which has carried us to the highest level of employment in our history? The motto seems to be: don't kill it, don't level it off, just stretch it out.

Officials in the Treasury and the Federal Reserve Board are now meeting with business men to review case stories of the kind of credit which ought to be tightened up.

Automobiles are one example. A man goes in to buy a new car. During the war and even as late as March, 1952, he knew he had to have one-third cash, and his loan payments could run for only 18 months. That was enforced by Credit Regulation W, authorized by an act of Congress. Now there is no Regulation W. The salesman hopes to get 25 percent cash on your car. Thirty-six months to pay has become a "tradition," and there are ways to get you a better break, if you push the dealer.

The "phantom down-payment," for example. A man with a 5-year-old Chevrolet worth no more than $400 agrees to trade it on a 1955 model priced at $2,000. That would be a 20 percent down-payment. But the salesman writes the sales ticket at $2,400, and the trade-in at $800, thus claiming one-third down. The Chicago dealer who described this particular transaction said, "I slipped that contract through when I unloaded some of my stuff onto the finance company."

The "balloon note" is another gimmick. Its purpose is to get around standards for the length of payment. If a man buys a car requiring a $1,500 loan payable in 30 months, he would normally pay a prorated $50 a month. But instead he is offered $40 a month for 29 months, and $340 the last month. The salesman assures him he can refinance for another 10 months at $34 a month. Thus he gets 40 months to pay, not 30.

Behind this slack credit is the fierce competition among dealers to retail the record production of 1955 cars, led by the fight between Ford and Chevrolet for 1955 leadership. By July 1 salesmen for Ford and Chevrolet had sold five of this year's cars for every four they sold in the same period of 1954. Other makes had done proportionally better: Plymouth, Buick and Studebaker sales were up well over 50 percent, and Chrysler, Dodge and Packard had doubled last year's pace. Sixty percent of all new cars were sold on credit, as one might expect from high pressure methods such as these:

A Chevrolet dealer at Grand River, Mich., broadcast that anyone buying a new car in July and August pays nothing until fall and receives free gasoline coupons for a 2,000 mile vacation. A New York City dealer offered buyers no money down and a $100 cash bonus for a vacation.

Despite such pressure, the inventory of new cars unsold stood at 715,000 on July 20, a record for that time of year, and suggested even more wonderful credit offers to come in the next six months.

Huckster methods have influenced other kinds of consumer borrowing. Every city has its full-page advertisements by cut-rate appliance houses, offering terms of nothing down and 36 months to pay. Most department stores have perpetual charge systems under which a part

*Haldore Hanson, a regular contributor to* NR, *has been a foreign correspondent and government official.*

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payment a month—most any size—renews the account and permits new purchases. The personal loan, once the shady realm of loan sharks, has become a respected institution in commercial banks, which have invested $9 billion in the business. One Washington finance company broadcasts an appeal for stenographers to borrow for their vacations and adds: "If you die, we cancel your debts." Nothing said about the cost of the insurance policy which is added to the payments.

The housing boom, which is producing new homes faster than new families form, is now led by Government financing. Veterans and Federal Housing loans so far this year are financing more than 50 percent of all new homes built, compared with 43 percent a year ago, and 35 percent only two years ago. When private lenders grew more cautious, government agencies pressed ahead.

Overloading of individual borrowers has become a problem in most communities, and has led some enterprising reporters to ferret out examples.

DOYLE SMEE of the *Wall Street Journal* interviewed a 28-year-old machinist and his wife in Levittown, Pa. Tony and Ingrid live on a weekly paycheck of $78.91 after deductions. But out of that they meet monthly installments as follows: $68 on a GI mortgage, $8.29 to a finance company on a freezer ("a real bargain," Tony says, marked down from $275 to $178) $13 on a Sears Roebuck budget account for a power lawn mower, $12 to a department store on children's furniture, $9.04 a month to a finance company on aluminum storm sash, and $16.80 a month on life insurance (sold by Tony's uncle). They have thus signed away a third of their income for the next two years, but are currently shopping around for a new car to replace a 1952 Hudson, a cotton loop rug for the living room, a love seat for the den, a reupholstery job for the sofa, and an addition to the carport which Tony will build himself. They still have their heads above water, but Tony says, "We could keep going one week without a paycheck; then we would be in trouble."

Financial columnist J. A. Livingston reported an interview with a Philadelphia factory worker who had run up installment payments totalling $4,075 against an annual take-home pay of $4,200. The creditors included four finance companies, one savings and loan association, four commercial banks, a garage, a mail order firm, two fuel oil companies, two department stores, and two furniture stores. Not a loan shark among them. None of the creditors, apparently, checked the references.

This family ended up in the hands of a credit bureau, which requires a consolidated payment taking a third of their income for the next four or five years.

Despite the spending spree of such families and the huge total of $325 billion in consumer debt, there have been surprisingly few outright defaults. Car repossessions are averaging only one percent of sales, fewer actually than last year. And in every suburb where GI mortgages predominate, there are some "For Sale" signs, but the percentage is not significant.

Most serious consequences of loose credit, so far, have been felt in the national pockets of distress, such areas as the coal mining communities of Pennsylvania and West Virginia, some textile centers in New England and the South, and the farm drought area of the Southwest. A stoppage of income for only a few months has put most time-payment accounts in arrears.

Government steps to slow the boom have so far been very mild, because neither the Federal Reserve Board nor the Comptroller of the Currency (the man who regulates the national banks) is greatly worried about the total size of debt. Of more concern is the quality of some debt. Against this acknowledged weakness these authorities cite some impressive strengths:

In the first half of 1955 the rate of American production (gross national product) rose nearly $20 billion to a record $380 billion. Employment climbed to an all-time high in July, a shade under 65 million. And income which consumers spend jumped $10 billion in six months. These are resources from which debts are paid.

The new Veterans Administration requirement of a $200 down payment on a $10,000 home (previously nothing) will stop few sales. But the home buyer no longer has his $200 to buy appliances and furniture. That $200 as a down payment could deliver at least $1000 in furnishings. So easing up on the Government accelerator just one notch may strike in strange directions, outside the housing field.

Similarly a hike of ¼ or ½ percent in the rediscount interest rate of the Federal Reserve System, applied recently, may have unexpected results. As banks pass on this higher cost of money to the borrower, it will not discourage the wife who has found a bargain freezer. But it may, as *Business Week* pointed out, strike at the municipalities and counties and state governments which are spending $30 billion a year and would balk at an extra ½ percent interest.

Government conferences with business leaders offer perhaps the most promising effort to tighten up. Business men do not want to see the return of Regulation W. Neither does this Administration.

Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey is facing a difficult test of his theory that his job is like that of the locomotive engineer—just open the throttle on the upgrade, apply the brakes on the down grade, and coast on the level. His problem is how to make this prosperity last—to stretch out toward the fabulous $500 billion national income predicted for 1975. Some hairline decisions are called for on how to manipulate taxes, government spending, debt financing and bank regulation.

And the goal of all this effort is to permit Tony and Ingrid, up in Levittown, to go on shopping without getting into trouble with their installment accounts.

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**A commission appointed by the President has now reported that the Republican hope of bolstering the power of the 48 States, at the expense of the Federal Government's authority, is impractical.**

# The Majority Don't Count

**by Gus Tyler**

IN 1936, a Mr. John Keogh—citizen and taxpayer—rose in an Illinois courtroom to make a point. He pulled a gun, killed the opposing lawyer, and took a shot at the judge. All this he did most impersonally, just "to awaken the people."

Mr. Keogh's unprovoked bit of manslaughter was intended to dramatize the fact that the people of Chicago (Cook County) in the year 1936 were denied a republican form of government and that the Illinois legislature was an illegal body. In 1901, Cook County had 38.1 percent of the total population of the state and was, therefore, allotted 37.3 percent of the seats in the state Senate. A quarter of a century later, Cook County had about half the people of Illinois in its confines, but its representation in the Senate was still limited to 37.3 percent.

For a quarter of a century, the officials and people of Chicago and Cook County—faced with an ever-growing population, and a limited voice in the state legislature—searched for a solution of their problem: a Constitutional Convention in 1920; a statewide referendum in 1922; a withholding of county taxes in 1925; talk of Chicago's secession from Illinois in 1926. No result.

In 1931, John Keogh made his first try at righting things by refusing to pay federal income taxes on the grounds that the federal government was neglecting its duty in failing to guarantee a republican form of government in Illinois. The Circuit Court was not impressed with this argument, and the US Supreme Court wouldn't entertain a review. Undaunted, Keogh, in a foreclosure case in 1936, argued that the legislature was illegally constituted. The judge refused to hear the plea. It was at this point that Keogh, declaring that "something drastic has to be done to awaken the people," opened fire in the court.

But this shot was not heard round the world. Twenty years later, in the country as a whole, the problem of under-representation of the cities in state legislatures is greater than it was in 1936.

IN 1937, one year after Keogh tried to dramatize the problem with a gun, another comrade, armed with statistics, entered the battle. Henry Stone analyzed each of the 95 state legislatures in America (two for each state except unicameral Nebraska.) He was trying to prove that *a minority of the population could elect a majority of the state legislature in virtually every state.* Stoner listed the legislative districts of a chamber by the population in each district. He then took the smallest districts and totalled them until a majority of the chamber was reached. He then found out what percentage of the total population was represented by this majority of the smallest districts. This was no easy undertaking, as anybody who has ever tried to do this knows. But Stoner was hopeful, as Keogh had been hopeful, that this total study of every state legislature in America would shock the nation into action.

In the box which follows, Stoner's findings are given. To my knowledge, this is the first time they have appeared in print. *The percentage figure alongside the legislative body indicates the PERCENTAGE OF THE TOTAL POPULATION whose representatives constitute a majority of the legislative body.* Thus, if, in front of Rhode Island, Senate, appears the figure 8.86, that means that the members of the state Senate of Rhode Island representing 8.86 percent of the people in that state could compose a majority of the Senate.

The figure in parentheses indicates a similar notation for the other house of the state legislature:

*Gus Tyler, political director of the ILGWU, wrote the recent* NR *series, "The House of Unrepresentatives."*

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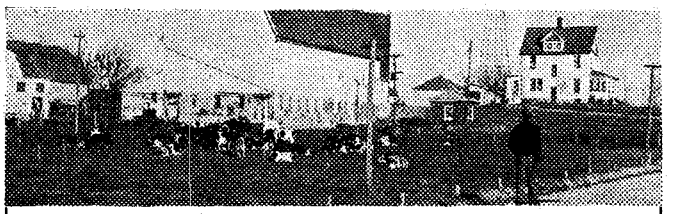

**Minority Rule in the States**

8.67, Conn. House (44.9)
8.86, R. I. Senate (22.3)
12.5, Calif. Senate (47.6)
15.4, N. J. Senate (46.7)
18.1, Md. Senate (33.6)
18.2, U. S. Senate (43.4)
18.6, Nev. House (26.6)
21.5, Idaho Senate (37.2)
21.7, Del. Senate (32.9)
23.2, Mont. Senate (49.5)
23.5, Fla. House (26.1)
26.5, Kans. House (37.6)
28.5, Ga. Senate (31.8)
28.8, Mich. House (34.1)
28.9, Ariz. Senate (45.3)
29.4, Mo. House (35.4)
30.6, S. C. Senate (45.4)
31.5, Ore. Senate (39.5)
31.8, Ohio House (46.2)
32.3, Ky. House (39.7)
33.2, Ala. Senate (35.8)
33.7, Iowa House (35.3)
33.9, N. C. House (49.4)
34.4, Okla. Senate (39.7)
34.6, Wyo. Senate (39.2)
35.1, Tenn. House (41.4)
35.4, N. Mex. Senate (41.9)
35.4, Ill. Senate (35.4)
35.5, Miss. House (39.8)
35.5, Vt. House (47.3)
35.6, W. Va. Senate (44.0)
37.7, Ind. House (42.8)
38.0, Tex. Senate (41.7)
38.5, Minn. House (42.3)
38.8, La. Senate (41.2)
38.8, Pa. Senate (44.4)
39.9, N. Dak. Senate (44.1)
40.3, Ark. House (46.1)
40.3, S. Dak. House (42.3)
40.6, Va. House (44.0)
40.8, Old Neb. House (43.8)
40.9, Wis. House (44.1)
41.8, Utah House (42.6)
42.3, Wash. House (45.6)
42.5, Colo. Senate (42.7)
42.9, Me. Senate (48.6)
43.9, N. Y. Senate (51.9)
46.8, Neb. Unicameral
48.0, Mass. Senate (48.5)
50.2, N. H. House (50.6)

If the above table were written out in plain sentences, it would begin: In the State of Connecticut, a majority of the House is composed of delegates from districts representing only 8.67 percent of the people; in the other house, the majority represents 44.9 percent of the population. In California, the Senate majority speaks for only 12.5 percent of the people; in the other house, a majority speaks for 47.6 percent. In New Jersey, the Senate majority speaks for 15.4 percent of the people, etc.

To check on the trend in the state legislatures since 1937, I repeated Stoner's calculations for the Upper House in a number of states where the figures were readily available. Here's what I found:

| State | 1937 | 1955 |
|---|---|---|
| Connecticut | 44.9 | 36.1 |
| Florida | 26.1 | 17.7 |
| Idaho | 21.5 | 19.1 |
| Kentucky | 39.7 | 49.0 |
| Montana | 23.2 | 18.9 |
| Nevada | 26.6 | 12.4 |
| New Jersey | 15.4 | 17.1 |
| New Mexico | 35.4 | 17.0 |
| New York | 43.9 | 40.9 |
| South Carolina | 30.6 | 26.6 |
| West Virginia | 35.6 | 47.0 |

The above is only a spot check; these states were selected only because figures were readily available. But the spot check indicates the trend: no improvement since 1937 and considerable evidence that matters have gone from bad to worse.

Even as Stoner was making his 1937 study, urban dwellers were beginning to by-pass their state governments and turn to Washington. They had no alternative. The cities could not handle their problems because they were limited creatures of the states with painfully restricted taxing powers. The states were not handling the mounting city problems because their legislatures—through manipulated apportionment and districting—were dominated by the rural areas. In despair, the urban dwellers—constituting about 60 percent of the nation's population—turned to Washington, where the legislature is also weighted in favor of the rural areas, *but not as unfairly as in the states.* As a result, the people of the United States have found that "the interests of urban areas are often more effectively represented in the national legislature than in their own state legislatures."

This last quotation comes from the findings of the Commission on Intergovernmental Relations, appointed by President Eisenhower in 1953, to explore the proper allocation of functions and responsibilities among the various levels of American government. After two years of study—recorded in 15 volumes—this Commission has concluded:

> In the early history of our country, state legislatures were the most powerful and influential instruments of government in the nation. It was to them that the average citizen looked primarily for initiative and wisdom in the formulation of public policy on domestic issues. In power and influence they are no longer as dominant as they were—*primarily because they have not found effective solutions to problems that become more chronic and more difficult to cope with in a rapidly changing economy.*

In blunt words, the states have fallen from their once high estate because they just aren't doing the job. The state legislatures are so composed that they do not accurately reflect the will of the people. And the people, of necessity, have turned more and more to the federal power for relief.

This significant finding is made more significant by its sponsorship. The Commission was set up in 1953 as a sort of accomplice after the fact. During the 1952 campaign, the Republican Party charged heavily that too much

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power rested in Washington and not enough power resided in the state capitols. Immediately upon election, Ike promised to restore power to the sovereign states. This Commission, a majority of whose members were appointed by the President of the United States, was to compile the data and formulate the method for restoring a proper balance between state and federal government.

The Commission got off to a poor start when it was found that Dr. Clarence Manion, who was to serve as chairman, virtually disqualified himself by voicing fixed conclusions about matters he was supposed to study impartially. Manion was dropped and Meyer Kestnbaum, a businessman of liberal persuasion, was named. The 30-member Commission ranges in viewpoint from Allan Shivers and Oveta Culp Hobby to Hubert Humphrey and Wayne Morse. The work of the Commission is described by the *London Economist* as "the first official reassessment of the American federal system since its foundation in 1787."

The net of this historic study is: it would be healthy for the federal system if the states played a greater part in our domestic policy making, BUT. . . . Can the states be trusted to do so?

The Kestnbaum Report revolves around an axial "IF." The big "if" is the ability of the states—as presently governed under their antiquated constitutions, their malapportioned legislatures—to find "effective solutions . . . in a rapidly changing society." If the states can not "cope" with these problems of change, then, the Commission insists, the sovereign State is likely to become more unsovereign with each passing year:

> If states do not give cities their rightful allocation of seats in the legislature, the tendency will be toward direct federal-municipal dealings. These began in earnest in the early days of the depression. There is only one way to avoid this in the future. It is for the states to take an interest in urban problems, in metropolitan government, in city needs. If they do not do this, the cities will find a path to Washington as they did before, and this time it may be permanent, with the ultimate result that there may be a new government arrangement that will break down the constitutional pattern which has worked so well up to now.

BUT, the very first step toward making the state government a more effective instrument for handling urban problems is to make the state legislature more representative of its total population. Right now, says the Kestnbaum Report, "in a majority of states, city dwellers outnumber the citizens of rural areas. Yet in most states the rural voters are overwhelmingly in control of one legislative house, and overweighted if not dominant in the other."

Over the years, this imbalance has grown more and more discriminatory against the cities. "As cities have grown more rapidly than rural areas, these systems of apportionment have tended to create an *increasing imbalance* in legislative representation in favor of rural areas."

The nature of the problem is clearly defined by the Report, but the enormities of urban underrepresentation are not described.

THE Kestnbaum thesis is that the road to Washington is paved with the failure of the state to handle urban problems. Since the core weakness of the state is the unrepresentative character of the legislature, it appears that the inevitable trend is toward greater power in Washington.

The ancient recourse of the states—an appeal to the Supreme Court to curtail federal intervention, especially in matters of economic and civil rights—is no longer realistically available to them. The Kestnbaum Report holds that the constitutional line between state and federal jurisdiction in the areas of traditional dispute no longer exists—if it ever did! If in a matter of economic policy the state and federal governments find themselves in dispute, the ultimate decision rarely lies in the courts any more. Today, "these are questions mainly for legislative judgment, and the criteria are chiefly political, economic, and administrative, rather than legal."

In our current concept of what the Report calls "cooperative-federalism," the basic idea is how to use the federal system to meet the needs of the people. The final criterion is the public welfare. The Report suggests that the lowest and most local level of government get the first crack at doing the job:

> Leave to private initiative all the functions that citizens can perform privately; use the level of government closest to the community for all public functions it can handle; utilize cooperative intergovernmental arrangements where appropriate to attain economical performance and popular approval; reserve national action for residual participation where state and local governments are not fully adequate, and for the continuing responsibilities that only the national government can undertake.

In this one long-sentence summary of its philosophy, the Kestnbaum Report is issuing a polite but unmistakable warning to the States.

Whether the Kestnbaum Report can stir the states in 1955 anymore than Keogh's gunfire did in 1936 or Stoner's tables did in 1937 is highly doubtful. The Commission's Report does not read like a trumpet call to action. In academic style, it merely notes the waning power of our sovereign States, voices its hope that the federal system shall not disappear, and warns the states in a loud aside that unless they become more representative of their citizenry, they will continue to be bypassed in favor of Washington.

The Kestnbaum Report is misdirected: the letter of transmittal is addressed to the President of the United States. It should be addressed to the legislatures of the 48 states.

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# BOOKS & COMMENT

## "As Free as Any Cretur . . ." II

by Leslie A. Fiedler

*Pudd'nhead Wilson* begins and ends in the village where *Huckleberry Finn* began and *Tom Sawyer* was played out, on the banks of the same river and in the same pre-Civil War years. But between "St. Petersburg" and "Dawson's Landing" there is a terrible difference. In the latest book, we see Twain's mythicized Hannibal for the first

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time from the *outside;* in the two earlier books, we are already inside of it when the action begins, and there is no opportunity to step back and survey it. But Pudd'nhead comes as a stranger to the place of Twain's belonging; and the author himself takes advantage of this occasion to pan slowly into it, giving us an at first misleadingly idyllic description of its rose-clad houses, its cats, its sleepiness and its fragrance—all preparing for the offhand give-away of the sentence beginning, "Dawson's Landing was a slaveholding town . . . "

The Civil War is the watershed in Twain's life between innocence and experience, childhood and manhood, joy and pain; but it is politically, of course, the dividing line between slavery and freedom. And Twain, who cannot deny either aspect, endures the contradition of searching for a lost happiness he knows was sustained by an institution he is forced to recognize as his country's greatest shame. It was the best he could dream: to be free as a boy in a world of slavery!

In *Tom Sawyer*, this contradiction is hushed up for the sake of nostalgia and in the name of writing a child's book; in *Huck* it is preserved with all the power of its tensions; in the last book it falls apart into horror. In *Pudd'nhead Wilson*, Hannibal is felt from the beginning not as a Western but as a *Southern* town. The river is no longer presented as the defining edge of the natural world, what America touches and crosses on its way West; but as a passageway into the darkness of the deep South. "Down the river" is the phrase which gives a kind of musical unity to the work—a motif repeated with variations from Roxana's first jesting taunt to a fellow Negro, "If you b'longed to me I'd sell you down the river 'fo' you git too fur gone . . . " to the bleak irony of the novel's final sentence, "the Governor . . . pardoned Tom at once, and the creditors sold him down the river."

A comparison inevitably suggests itself with *Huckleberry Finn* in which the southward motion had served to symbolize (in contempt of fact) a motion toward deliverance. But here the direction of the river that Twain loved is felt only as the way into the ultimate south, the final horror—the absolute pole of slavery. The movement of the plot and the shape of the book are determined by this symbolic motion toward the sea, now transposed from a dream of flight to a nightmare of captivity. It is after she herself has been threatened with such a fate and in order to preserve her son from it, that Roxy switches the children in the cradle. But there is no way to escape that drift downward toward darkness to which the accident of birth has doomed her and her son; by virtue of her very act of evasion she sets in motion the events that bring both of them to the end she had dreaded.

It is not only as a slave-holding town that Dawson's Landing belongs to the South, but also in terms of the code of honor to which everyone in the book subscribes. Patrician and Negro, American and foreigner, freethinker and churchgoer, all accept the notion that an insult can only be wiped out in blood, and that the ultimate proof of manhood is the willingness to risk death in such an attempt. The real demonstration of the unworthiness of the false Tom is his running to the courts for redress in preference to facing a duel. Ironically enough, this very duel was to have been in the book as originally planned a howling travesty of the values of the gentleman; for one of the parties was to have been half of a Siamese twin—and one can see what mad complications would have ensued. The "serious" Twain was, however, as incapable of doubting the code as Tom Sawyer; he could mock it only in pure farce, when he felt it perfectly clear to everyone that he was just kidding. There is in this book no Huck to challenge the many Colonel Sherburnes by rejecting courage as just another temptation—no absolute outcast, armed only with lies, to make it clear that honor is a luxury item for a leisure class. Even Pudd'nhead, for all his skepticism, longs not for bare survival but for style and success—and so he must pay his Tom Sawyerish respects to chivalry.

In *Huckleberry Finn*, the society which Huck finally rejects, his "sivilization," is essentially a world of the mothers, that is to say, of what Christianity has become among the females who sustain it just behind the advancing frontier. It is a sufficiently simple-minded world in which one does not cuss or steal or smoke but keeps clean, wears shoes and prays for spiritual gifts. Above all, it is a world of those who cannot lie—and the truth, too, Huck finds a virtue beyond his budget. In this world, the fathers appear generally as outcasts and scoundrels, like the Duke and Dauphin and like Pap himself. At best, the paternal is represented by the runaway nigger, the outcast who was never even offered the bait of belonging.

In *Pudd'nhead Wilson*, however, society is defined by the fathers, last defenders of the chivalric code and descendants of the cavaliers. Four in especial represent the world to which Pudd'nhead aspires: York Leicester Driscoll, Percy Northumberland Driscoll, Pembroke Howard and Col. Cecil Burleigh Essex—the names make the point with an insistence that is a little annoying. This is a world continuous with that of Renaissance gallantry, connected with the Court of Elizabeth, which represents for Twain on the one hand a romantic legend, and on the other a kind of lost sexual Eden (celebrated in his privately circulated *1601*), whose potency puts to shame a fallen America where the natives "do it onlie once every seven yeares." The religion of such a

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society is, of course, not Christian at all; of Driscoll, the noble character murdered by the boy to whom he was a benefactor and almost a father, we are told "to be a gentleman was his only religion."

One half of the story of Thomas à Becket Driscoll (really the slave Valet de Chambre) is the account of his failing this world of the fathers, first in gambling and thieving, then in preferring the courts to the field of honor, finally in becoming out of greed and abject rage, a quasi-parricide. Twain spares us, perhaps from some reluctance to surrender to utter melodrama, more probably from lack of nerve, the final horror. The logic of the plot and its symbolic import both demand really that Tom be revealed at last as the bastard of the man he killed; but we are provided instead with a specially invented double of the dead Driscoll as the boy's begetter, a lay figure called Cecil Burleigh Essex.

In all of the book, only a single mother is allowed the center of the stage—the true mother of the false Tom, the slave girl Roxana. Just as in *Huckleberry Finn*, Nigger Jim is played off against the world of Aunt Polly-Aunt Sally-Miss Watson, so in this reversed version a Negress is set against the society defined by Driscoll, Howard and Essex. This is, of course, a just enough stroke, which satisfies our sense of the historical as well as our desire for the typical. If the fathers of the South are Virginia gentlemen, the mothers are the Negro girls, casually or callously taken in the parody of love, which is all that is possible when one partner to a sexual union is not even given the status of a person.

The second and infinitely worse crime of Tom is the sin against the mother, the black mammy who threatens him with exposure; and the most moving, the most realized sections of the book deal with this relationship. Throughout his career, Twain returned over and over to this theme of the rejection of the mother, the denial by the boy of the woman who has loved him with the purest love Twain could imagine. Of this Tom Sawyer is falsely accused by his Aunt Polly; of this Tom Canty is actually guilty at the tearful climax of *The Prince and the Pauper*, so extravagantly admired by its author. It is as if Mark Twain were trying to exorcise the possibility of himself failing the plea he could never forget, the cry of his own mother, clasping him to her over the death-bed of his father: "Only promise me to be a better boy. Promise me not to break my heart."

In *Pudd'nhead*, this tearful romance of the boy as a heartless jilt, becomes involved with the ambiguous relations of black and white in the United States, with the problems of miscegenation and of "passing," and is lifted out of the sentimental toward the tragic. Twain's own judgment of sexual relations between the races is not explicitly stated; but there seems no doubt that he thought of the union beween Roxy and Essex as a kind of fall—evil in itself and the source of a doom on all involved. Paired together, *Huck* and *Pudd'nhead* express both sides of a deep, unthought-out American belief, reflected on the one side of Twain by James Fenimore Cooper and on the other by William Faulkner: that there are two relations, two kinds of love between colored and white, one of which is innocent, one guilty, one of which saves, one damns. The innocent relation can only exist between men, or a man and a boy (Natty Bumppo and Chingachgook, Huck and Jim)—a love unphysical and pure; the other, suspect and impure, tries to join the disjoined in passion, and must end either in frustration and death (Cora and Uncas) or in unhappiness for all (Roxana and Essex).

A further reach of complexity is added to the theme by the symbolic meanings inevitably associated with the colors white and black, meanings which go back through literature (Shakespeare's "Dark Lady," for example) and popular religion (the New England habit of calling the Devil "The Black Man") to the last depths of the folk mind. No matter how enlightened our conscious and rational convictions may be in these matters, we are beset by a buried ambivalence based on this archetypal symbolism of light and dark. Twain himself in this very novel speaks unguardedly of the rain trying vainly to wash soot-blackened St. Louis white; and the implication is clear: black is the outward sign of inward evil. In this sense, the Negro puzzlingly wears the livery of the guilt we had thought the white man's. But *why*? It is a question which rings through the white man's literature in America; and the answer returns in an ambiguity endlessly compounded.

Who, having read it once, can ever forget the terrible exclamation in Melville's "Benito Cereno"—the cry which seems intended to dissolve in irony the problem we had hoped would be resolved in certainty, "It is the Black!" But there are even more terrible lines in *Pudd'nhead*: the lonely and baffled query of Tom (how hard it is to believe that it is not a quotation from Faulkner), "What crime did the uncreated first nigger commit that the course of birth was decreed for him . . . " and the still more appalling response of Roxy to the news that her son has failed the white man's code, "It's the nigger in you dat's what it is!" The name of their own lot turned insult in the mouth of the offended—beyond this it is impossible to go; and we cannot even doubt that this is precisely what Roxy would have said!

PERHAPS the supreme achievement of this book is to have rendered such indignities not in terms of melodrama or as a parochial "social problem" but as a local instance of some universal guilt and doom. The false Tom, who is the fruit of all the betrayal and terror and profaned love which lies between white man and black, embodies also its "dark necessity"—and must lie, steal, kill and boast until in his hybris he reveals himself as the slave we all secretly are. This tragic inevitability is, however, blurred by the demands of the detective story with which it is crossed. The tragedy of Tom requires that he expose and destroy himself; the melodrama of Pudd'nhead Wilson requires that he reveal and bring to justice the Negro who has passed as white; and Twain decided finally that it was Pudd'nhead's book—a success story. Yet there remains beneath the assertion that a man is master of his fate, the melancholy conviction that to be born is to be doomed, a kind of secularized Calvinism.

We have already noticed that Pudd'nhead is Tom Sawyer grown up, the man who has not surrendered with maturity the dream of being a hero; but it must be added that he wants to be a hero on his own terms, to force himself upon a hostile community without knuckling under to its values; that is to say, he would like still to be as an adult the "good bad boy" who put the finger on Indian Joe. Translated out of the vocabulary of boyhood, this means that he has to become first a rebel and then a detective.

He begins as a pariah, the sage whose wisdom is taken for folly: an outsider in a closed society, a free thinker in a

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world of conformism, a gadgeteer and crank, playing with palmistry and fingerprints. But he is also, like his creator, a jokester; and, indeed, it is his first quip which earns him a reputation for stupidity and twenty years of exclusion. "I wish I owned half of that dog," he says of a viciously howling beast, "because I would kill my half"—and that is almost the end of him. Yet like his creator he wants to succeed in the world he despises; and he yields to it half-unwittingly even before it accepts him, adjusting to its code of honor, its definition of a Negro—while writing down in private or reading before a two man Free Thinkers' Society his dangerous thoughts.

Typically enough, it is as a detective that he makes his comeback. In three earlier books his prototype, Tom Sawyer, had achieved similar triumphs: exposing Injun Joe, revealing Jim's true status, clearing his half-crazed uncle of the charge of murder; but more is involved than this. Ever since Poe's Dupin, the sleuth has been a favorite guise of the writer in fiction—non-conformist and exposer of evil, the poor man's intellectual. He is the one who, revealing in the moment of crisis "who done it," restores the community (as W. H. Auden has suggested in an acute study of the detective story) to a state of grace.

But Twain has the faith neither of a Chesterton or a Conan Doyle; and the revelations of David Wilson (the name "Pudd'nhead" is sloughed off with his victory) restore civil peace only between him and the community which rejected him: for the rest, they expose only bankruptcy and horror and shame, the stupidity of our definition of a Negro and the hopelessness of our relations with him. Wilson's disclosure of Roxy's hoax coalesces with Twain's exposure to America of its own secret self; and the double discovery is aptly framed by Wilson's Calendar entries for two of our favorite holidays.

The chapter which contains the courtroom revelation is preceded by the text, "*April 1.* This is the day upon which we are reminded of what we are on the other three hundred and sixty-four." The implication is clear, whether conscious or not, not fools only but slaves! And it is followed by another, even grimmer, "*October 12, the Discovery.* It was wonderful to find America, but it would have been more wonderful to miss it." The Discovery! It is a disconcerting ending for a detective story, which should have faith in all disclosures; but it is the aptest of endings for an American book, the only last word possible to a member of the Free Thinkers' Society. Beyond such bleak wisdom, there is only the cry of Roxy at the moment of revelation, "De Lord have mercy on me, po' miserable sinner dat I is!" But this is forbidden to Mark Twain.

**This is the second of two essays on *Pudd'nhead Wilson.***

# *Dante for the Missionaries*

## *by John Ciardi*

DOROTHY SAYERS, long well known as a writer of murder mysteries, seems to have turned exclusively to Dante scholarship of late. Her translation of the *Inferno* appeared four or five years ago, and her *Purgatorio* is announced, though I have not yet seen it. The present volume is a series of lectures delivered on various occasions and concerned with a number of problems of the interpretation of the *Comedy*—Dante's Imagery, The Meaning of Heaven and Hell, The Fourfold Interpretation of the *Comedy*, The City of Dis, The Comedy of the *Comedy*, and The Paradoxes of the *Comedy*.

*Introductory Papers on Dante*, by Dorothy L. Sayers (Harper; $4).

These are good Dantean problems and it is obvious that Miss Sayers brings to them a scholarship both profoundly well-informed and deeply thought. Miss Sayers' writing is marked by a convert's zeal. That zeal makes possible a number of interesting illuminations and sidelights but—to my taste at least—it tends to unbalance the total.

Miss Sayers' zeal for Dante drives her to overstate and thence to overargue many of her points and even to develop a series of defenses of Dante, though what defense he may need is beyond me. And her religious zeal too often drives her to defend Catholicism (of the Anglican variety) rather than to discuss the poem.

The result of all these startling attitudes is a kind of critical looseness—passionate, knowledgeable, and sometimes brilliant—but generally unrestrained. Miss Sayers seems especially concerned about the modern reader, a figure who seems to be damned by Freud into a general misunderstanding of the nature of things, a misunderstanding he could, of course, set right by traveling Miss Sayers' road to Canterbury. Add to such zealous overemphasis the fact that these papers were originally prepared as lectures, and that they have not been pruned of their discursiveness in the process of getting them ready for publication; and one is left with a book that must be read for its nuggets without ever mistaking the whole for pure gold.

Inevitably, Miss Sayers' missionary impulse breaks through in ways that seem to drop all pretense to literary criticism. Here for example is her passage on The Meaning of Purgatory:

> All this is a pity, not merely because it has impeded proper understanding of the *Purgatorio*, but because the loss of the doctrine has been a great loss in understanding and charity and has tended to destroy our communion between the blessed dead and ourselves.

And passing over the fact that this is both an abyssmal and fairly typical specimen of Miss Sayers' English sentence, add this statement from the next paragraph:

> More authentic still, as evidence that the dead are not inert and inactive, is the famous passage in the First Epistle of St. Peter, etc.

Did anyone say *imprimatur?* I certainly cannot accept communion with an active clientele of the dead as a tenet of Dante criticism. It would be as apt to make the analysis of *Paradise Lost* depend on the validity of Calvinist doctrine. Or to proselytize for the priesthood of Apollo before turning the reader loose on Homer. A good poet is not measured by the way he follows doctrine but by the way he survives it into the capture of perceptions that are human rather than doctrinaire.

What is one to say of a lecturer who summarizes a passage on Dante's humor with the comment, "Dear, funny Dante!"? Or of a writer who lets such

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## *Poem*

WHEN warm and strangeing moonlight
Has bared your back of clothing,
A marvel in your motions
As pin by pin
Your hair falls down
Impels to your raised arms my sculpturing hands.

Last night when sleep dissuaded
Your body from its flaunting,
Such order curved your fingers,
Such peace disposed
Your arching throat,
As stilled for bending hours my gandering heart.

Why do you toss your head so
That for a whirling moment
Your hair becomes a halo?
Why turn sometimes
Inward from me,
Behind a veil of curls, your brilliant eyes?

I, whom your touch has toppled
Headlong into deep yearning,
Would safeguard from time's scatter,
Long as may be,
That which in you
Fills, to my drowning joy, your perishing flesh.

That which in you mosaics
Plain atoms in bright gestures
Can so set words in verses,
If so it will,
That one who reads
May find here, fixed and silent, flashings of you.

The self of your exulting
Demands my kneeling praises;
And I have knelt to please it;
But this has raised
Me mute with joy—
A selfless turn of your victorious wrist.

GEORGE ELLIOTT

fluff stand when revising for publication?

So, too, for Miss Sayers' general fault of making her critical claims larger than the fact. "Dante's imagery, then," she tells us in typical fashion, "is always strictly functional."

Always? And strictly? I doubt it. What of the image of Chiron pushing back his beard with the notch of an arrow to reveal the pouches of his lips? What about the sodomites passing Virgil and Dante and, in looking at them, pointing their eyebrows "as does an aged tailor at his needle's eye?" What of the fine long-tail simile (opening Canto XXVII) of a peasant with a flock to feed, waking to find the fields covered with hoar-frost and mistaking it for snow to his despair, only to have his despair change to joy when the first sun melts the frost and leaves the pasturage open? Surely these images are self-delighting. And though they can—and must—be argued as having a function in the poem, theirs is the general function of all imagery in all poetry, which is to portray with self-delight—a state of things quite apart from Miss Sayers' implication that Dante's images are always and strictly related to the larger structure of meaning.

Miss Sayers' discussion of the incident of the Cord may be taken as a fair example of her worst moments.

Readers of Dante will remember that at the far-edge of the Seventh Circle, Dante and Virgil approach a cliff below which lurks Geryon, the monster of fraud. Dante, as narrator, finds himself in need of some device for signaling the monster, and to solve the problem he has Dante the voyager mention that he just happened to have around his waist a cord with which he had meant to snare the Leopard, one of the three allegorical beasts of the First Canto. Up to the very moment Dante discovered that he needed the Cord, there had been no mention of it.

Here is Miss Sayers' opening assertion on the nature of Dante's imagery:

> No divigation into philosophy, no preoccupation with symbolic values, ever seduces him for the moment into taking his eye off the object. If, by any chance, he has omitted to mention something needful to the story—some theatrical property, as one may say—he does not falsify the picture by suddenly introducing it from nowhere. He makes do with what he has.

Having tossed out this over-statement, Miss Sayers immediately bethinks herself of the Cord. Having made her opening claim absolute, she is now compelled to show that the Cord was not a last-minute invention, an absurdity which produces the following ingenious passage toward the end of the same paragraph:

> But from the point of view of the actual *story,* the explanation is hastily and awkwardly contrived. Dante said nothing whatever in the First Canto about trying to *catch* the Leopard—only that it gambolled round him and impeded him, so that he was often forced out of his path. Still, though we are now obliged to add something to our first picture of Dante on the mountain, there is nothing here which definitely contradicts it. . . . This is perhaps not very convincing and I readily agree that the passage about the rope-girdle is not one of Dante's best efforts.

I agree that is it not very convincing. "There is nothing here which definitely contradicts it." By such a criterion Dante might as plausibly have produced a street-guide to Florence or a statuette of St. Simeon Stylites. The fact is that having worked herself into a corner by making too large a claim, Miss Sayers has had to shift her terms to get out again. At the beginning of the paragraph the subject for discussion was last-minute invention; at the end, the subject has become whether or not such a last-minute invention avoids "definite contradiction."

And in any case, I for one, prefer to find evidence of Dante's stature not in

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this sort of rationalization, but in the very assurance with which he is willing to brush aside an occasional imperfection. The architect need not worry about flyspecks.

If I have been hard on Miss Sayers, it is because she has obviously not been hard enough on herself. The fact remains that anyone who cares about Dante will want to read these papers. At her best Miss Sayers sheds light. Her comparison of Francesca's speeches with Ugolino's, for example, is a brilliant analysis concluding with a telling proof that the speeches not only suggest one another but that their phrasing is unmistakeably drawn from the same passage in the *Aeneid*. More such insights joined to good information, could have made this a better book.

## *The Root of Anti-Semitism*

### *by Will Herberg*

IN a lecture delivered in 1938, and here reprinted, Nicolas Berdyaev attempted to cast light upon anti-Semitism from the point of view of his profound understanding of man and his destiny. Nothing that Berdyaev said or wrote can be altogether without value, but these reflections are among the most inconsiderable things the Russian philosopher has left us. They are full of commonplaces, incoherences, and inconclusive comments. It is almost as if his grief and indignation at Nazi anti-Semitism had robbed him of his powers.

*Christianity and Anti-Semitism*, by Nicolas Berdyaev (Philosophical Library; $2.75).

One point he does make, and a very basic one. "The Jewish question," he states, "is not simply one of politics, economics, law, or culture. It is incomparably more profound than that, a religious question with a bearing on the fate of mankind." Yet this point too is left undeveloped; there is no indication as to what this spiritual significance of the "Jewish question" is, aside from the fact that anti-Semitism is a radical manifestation of human sinfulness, nor is there any suggestion of the clue that anti-Semitism might afford to the deeper meaning of human history.

Though he recognizes that essential anti-Semitism cares nothing about the religious views or affiliations of the Jews it destroys, Berdyaev nevertheless sees "indisputable truth" in the notion that a Jewish conversion to Christianity is the "only possible solution to the problem." A far better understanding of the "Jewish question" and of anti-Semitism will be found in other writings of Berdyaev.

The editor and co-translator, Alan A. Spears, appends a commentary and notes considerably longer than the original essay. In this commentary, Mr. Spears attempts, with some success, to make up for the incoherence of Berdyaev's reflections by supplying a brief explanation of his views. Basically, Berdyaev shared the conviction of Barth, Tillich, Maritain, and other modern theologians, as well as of a number of psychologists, including Freud, that "Christian" anti-Semitism is at bottom a form of anti-Christianity, a projection upon the Jew of the Christian's revolt against his Christianness. "The Jew," the proto-Nazi Houston Stewart Chamberlain was wont to complain, "came into our gay [pagan] world and spoiled everything . . . with his Law and his Cross." "Whenever the pagan within the Christian soul rises in revolt against the yoke of the Cross," the Jewish philosopher Franz Rosenzweig profoundly noted, "he vents his fury on the Jew"—*as Christbringer*. This is undoubtedly Berdyaev's essential thesis, but it never comes through in this essay.

**Coming**

Next week, Arthur Bestor re-assesses the work of John Dewey and Alan F. Westin discusses security cases.

In September, an appreciation of the late Thomas Mann by Victor Lange, on the publication of Mann's last book, *The Confessions of Felix Kroll.*

## *Wallace Stevens—An Appreciation*

### *by Delmore Schwartz*

THE DEATH of Wallace Stevens concludes one of the most extraordinary of poetic careers. It is difficult to speak of the death of any human being without soon being overcome by the conviction that silence is the only appropriate speech. When it is the death of a great poet—a very great poet—comment seems inadequate and gratuitous. Perhaps it would be best to describe one of his rare public appearances.

In 1936 Stevens read his poems for the first time at Harvard—it was probably the first time he had ever read his poetry in public—and the occasion was at once an indescribable ordeal and a precious event: precious because he had been an undergraduate and a poet at Harvard some thirty-seven years before and had not returned since then, in his own person, although he had often gone to the Yale-Harvard games incognito. Before and after reading each poem, Stevens spoke of the nature of poetry, a subject which naturally obsessed him: the least sound counts, he said, the least sound and the least syllable. His illustration of this observation was wholly characteristic: he told of how he had wakened that week after midnight and heard the sounds made by a cat walking delicately and carefully on the crusted snow outside his house. He was listening, as in his lifelong vigil of awareness, for such phrases as this one, describing autumn leaves: "The skreak and skritter of evening gone"; no single one of thousands of such inventions is enough to suggest his genius for experience and language.

After his comment, Stevens returned to his typescript, prepared and bound for the occasion with a fabulous elegance which also was characteristic: but an old Cambridge lady, holding an ear trumpet aloft, and dressed in a style which must have been chic at Rutherford Hayes' inauguration, shouted out, hoarse and peremptory as crows, that she must ask Mr. Stevens to speak loudly and clearly,

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loudly and clearly, if you please. She might just as well have been shouting at President Hayes. Stevens continued in a very low voice, reading poems which were written in that bravura style, that extravagant, luxurious, misunderstood rhetoric which is as passionate as the most excited Elizabethan blank verse. And throughout the reading, although Stevens was extremely nervous and constrained, this showed only as a rigid impassivity which, since it might have expressed a very different state of mind, made his feelings invisible; nevertheless, as such readings became more frequent in recent years, it was impossible to persuade Stevens that no one save himself perceived his overwhelming nervousness, just as, when the first reading ended, Stevens said to the teacher who had introduced him: "I wonder what the boys at the office would think of this?" The office was the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Co., the boys were those who knew him as a vice-president, lawyer, and the most solid of citizens.

No one who thought a poet looked pale, distracted, unkempt and unbarbered was likely to recognize Stevens: he was a physical giant, robust, red-faced, and his large round head suggested not only a banker and judge, but Jupiter. He said then and after that the boys would hardly be more shocked to discover him the secret head of an opium ring—and although I would guess that in this instance he may have mistaken tact for ignorance—the important point is that he felt sure that this was how others regarded a poet. He had written poetry for many years as a kind of "secret vice," and he told many stories about himself of the same kind, resorting to that self-irony which often marks his poetic style.

It was this sense of what it was to be a poet in America which haunted Stevens and inspired his poems; yet if this sense was rooted in American life during his first youth in the 1890's and 1900's, Stevens also belonged to the great and tragic generation, in Europe, of Proust, Valery, and Kafka; for he was only four years younger than Rilke and three years older than Joyce whom he most resembled as a master and revolutionist of language. This temporal and spiritual kinship is often overlooked, probably because his first book did not appear until he was 44, and then the critical comments disheartened him so much that he stopped writing for several years, so that his second book did not appear until he was 57. His intimate relationship with his own generation in Europe did not diminish but rather intensified the way in which he was a purely American poet.

THE times have changed—and the more they change, the more, surely they are not the same—and it is easy to forget that when Stevens was a young man, the adult male who read a great deal was regarded as, at best, anti-social and probably literally addicted to secret vices: and the adult male, unless he was a foreigner, a gigolo, or a sissy, was supposed to suffer nausea or become comatose when forced by his wife to go to the opera. You have only to see how often in the comics, the opera is a punishment, like the Black Hole of Calcutta; or you need merely read another great writer, Ring Lardner, making fun of *Carmen* to see how typical and how natural Stevens' feelings about being a poet were.

It is important to remember these matters, and to speak of the origins of Stevens' extreme shyness as a poet and about poetry, because it is so much a part of the quality of his work; and unless it is understood, his style is misunderstood as merely exquisite banter. This attitude and depth of feeling links Stevens with his forebears, with Poe, Whitman, Emily Dickinson, Melville, and all the others who, although they have known a spell of recognition and limelight, concluded in solitude, silence, obscurity or exile. Emily Dickinson made one pathetic attempt to publish her poems during her lifetime, and during the last 30 years of his life, Melville, having written the Great American Novel, hardly appeared in print at all. Thus one of the most wonderful things about Stevens is the new and astonishing ending which he gave to the old and tragic story. Stevens was neither reduced to silence nor compelled to exile: he transformed a limiting or wasting weakness into a powerful source of poetry and made solitude a mountain full of views denied to the valley.

It is clearly too soon to estimate the value of Stevens' poetry with justice, and nothing short of a detailed essay would make plausible what will surely seem personal and an over-estimation, my own conviction that the more than 500 pages of Stevens' *Collected Poems* make a book as important as *Leaves of Grass*. The very charm and beauty of Stevens' language misleads the reader often: delighted with the tick and tock, the heigh ho of Hoon and Jocundus, "jubilating," "in the presto of the morning," the reader often missed the basic substance, the joy that for the moment at least the poet has grasped "the veritable *ding an sich* at last": for Stevens was essentially a philosophical poet, the rarest of all kinds, seeking always "in a good light for those who know the ultimate Plato," to see and possess "the nothing that is not there, and the nothing that is." It is natural enough not to recognize that a poem called *Le Monocle de Mon Oncle* is a serious discourse on the nature of love; a poem named *The Comedian As the Letter C,* may be a serious analysis of the perennial attitudes toward experience, but it is much longer than most poems that most readers of poetry read; and the title of *Thirteen Ways Of Looking At a Blackbird* hardly makes clear the fact that its subject is everything involved in looking, loving, and living.

The primary philosophical motive leads to a major limitation—the meditative mode is a solitude which excludes the dramatic and narrative poet's human character and personality. But it also leads to a great access: Stevens, studying Picasso and Matisse, made the art of poetry visual in a way it has never been before, and made him the first poet to be influenced, very often in the same poem, by Shakespeare, Cubism, the Symbolist movement, and modern philosophy since Kant. And thus it is, that when John Crowe Ransom affirms Stevens' character as a philosophical poet, in the current issue of the *Kenyon Review,* he naturally adds that "surely no poet has written more verse about the understanding of poetry, unless it be Wordsworth." Just as Wordsworth mastered nature anew and made it more available to consciousness, so Stevens made the dimension of art open in a new way to consciousness.

Finally it would be wrong, in thus emphasizing his original genius, not to speak of how traditional his poetry is,

## Notes on Contributors

LESLIE A. FIEDLER is the author of *An End to Innocence.* JOHN CIARDI has recently published a translation of *The Inferno.* GEORGE P. ELLIOTT is a young American poet. WILL HERBERG'S new book, *Protestant-Catholic-Jew* will be issued next month.

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how Stevens continues and renews the greatest rhetorical mode in English, the mode of blank verse in which Shakespeare and Milton wrote. Here, from the conclusion to *Academic Discourse in Havana* is a passage which representative at once of Stevens' eloquence, his possession of poetic tradition, his conception of the poet's role and conviction that poetry may be "an infinite incantation of ourselves":

. . . Is he function of the poet here
mere sound,
Subtler than the ornatest prophecy,
To stuff the ear? . . .
*As part of nature, he is part of us.*
His rarities are ours: may they be fit
And reconcile us to our selves in those
True reconcilings, dark pacific words . . .
Close the cantina. Hood the chandelier.
The moonlight is not yellow, but a
white
That silences the ever-faithful town.
How pale and how possessed
a night it is,
How full of exhalations of the sea. . . .
All this is older than the oldest hymn,
Has no more meaning than
tomorrow's bread
But let the poet on his balcony
Speak and the sleepers in their sleep
shall move
Waken, and watch the moonlight on
their floors.
This may be benediction, sepulcher,
And epitaph. It may, however, be
An incantation that the moon defines
By mere example opulently clear. . . .

How, reading such passages, which are a multitude, can we fail to understand the poet's triumphant affirmation: "What more is there to love than I have loved?" and lived? The Hoon—the human alone—which he calls himself in a number of poems became in his recent work Jocundus; his poems became "the auroras of Autumn"; Peter Quince "at the clavier" became "Professor Eucalyptus," declaring that "the search for reality is as momentous as the search for god," making continual "addresses to the Academy of Fine Ideas," and once more reporting, in the last poem of his collected volume, on "the thing itself"; a bird's "scrawny cry," in the first morning, is that of "a chorister whose c preceded the choir," it is a part of "the colossal sun's choral rings" and it is truly "a new knowledge of reality": Prince of the realm and of English, majestic voice, sovereign of the mind and of light, master of reality.

# A COMMUNICATION

### ► Democratic Leadership

SIRS:

It seems true, as Frederick W. Collins says in the July 25th issue of the *New Republic*, that the inability of a defeated major political party to speak with one coherent voice is a "senseless, accidental, unconsciously - arrived - at punitive measure imposed upon the conquered by themselves . . . " Mr. Collins' article, however, is captioned "What Adlai Stevenson Can Do," and he proceeds to outline an *ad hoc* remedy on the assumption that Mr. Stevenson, titular leader of the Democratic Party by reason of having been that Party's candidate for President in the 1952 election, is "clearly in front of the field for the 1956 nomination." Mr. Collins argues from this that Mr. Stevenson should stop regarding himself as a candidate for renomination, should ignore all other candidacies and potential candidacies, anoint himself as *the* candidate, without waiting for the national convention, and proceed to provide the single, authentic voice of the Leader of the embattled forces of the Democratic Party.

This is a most interesting suggestion, especially as Mr. Collins envisages a like role for future defeated candidates in both major political parties, with national conventions immediately after defeat to select the candidate for President at the election to be held four years later, and to clothe him with the duties, obligations and responsibilities of leadership until the election is held. One is left to speculate as to just where and how the candidate, or any candidate, for Vice-President would fit into this picture. Mr. Collins doesn't mention it, but if the opposition party is to have an official leader and spokesmen, it would follow that, in case of disqualification or other emergency, there should be a definite line of succession.

The fact that our party system functions without official mechanism for the "outs" in the executive branch of government to give authoritative expression is surely a matter for grave concern. When a political party is out of power in both the executive and legislative branches there is a rather complete vacuum, but when a party is out of power in the executive branch and gains a majority in either the Senate or House or in both, there is certain to be confusion as to where the authentic voice really is. This is bound to be the case because there is no party discipline. Legislative leaders are usually chosen on the basis of seniority and their party ties may or may not bind them rather loosely. It is all very well to advise Adlai Stevenson, as Mr. Collins does, to create by unilateral fiat a new political institution, himself, the Leader of his party in fact as well as title. But things are not that simple. Let us examine some of the realities.

It has been fairly rare for even the President, with all the power and prestige of his office, to be able to speak with finality for his party on many policies involving legislation. President Roosevelt was finding that out with increasing regularity toward the end of his administrations, and President Truman, whether the legislative branch was Democratic or Republican, learned that the dominant force on important matters was neither Democratic nor Republican but a coalition operating with and sometimes without the sanction of party legislative leadership. President Eisenhower brought a Republican Congress into office with him, but much of his proposed legislation was emasculated or rejected, and some of his most important proposals would have been lost had they lacked substantial Democratic support. The roll calls prove that without Democratic votes the legislation enacted by the 83rd (Republican) Congress would have borne little resemblance to the "dynamic" blueprint outlined in the early days of the Eisenhower Administration. On some subjects President Eisenhower, loud and clear and bold and brave as the candidate of the Republican Party, has seen fit, since his inauguration, to speak in soft and muted tones, or to become as silent as circumstances permit. The President is charged by law with responsibility for the conduct of foreign affairs, but we have witnessed such vehement criticism of his policies by leaders of his own party in the United States Senate that representatives of foreign nations have been uncertain at times as to who really

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was speaking for the American people, or even the Republican party.

If such uncertainty can exist as to the authority of a President, supposedly buttressed by a Congress ruled by a majority of his own party, it would seem folly for Adlai Stevenson, a defeated candidate, without even the approval of the National Committee, for whatever it would be worth, to attempt to assume leadership on the theory that he will be renominated, and that, therefore, there is no reason to wait for the Democratic Convention to act. Any such attempt would immediately offend many members of his own party, especially those who believe they have qualities worthy of consideration for either the first or second place on the national ticket.

Thousands upon thousands of Democrats resent the action of others registered in their party who participated in Presidential primaries in their States, who helped select delegates to the national convention, or were delegates themselves, and who thereafter failed to support or voted against the nominees of the party convention. What, then, would be the general attitude toward a candidate for nomination or renomination who sought to impose his views and his policies on the national party in advance of the meeting of the only body authorized to select the candidates, write the party platform and create the machinery to enable the party to function? The answer is not a guess. So far from unifying the Democratic Party, and enabling it to gain precious time to organize an effective campaign behind a leader, the party immediately would be split into so many pieces that it could not be put together for the approaching campaign. Mr. Stevenson's strength as a candidate would be substantially impaired, it might even become doubtful whether he could win the nomination, and the party itself would be so busy trying to repair internal damage that it would hardly regain cohesion sufficient to enable it to meet the opposition on anything like equal terms, especially if the Republicans renominate the President. This, of course, is based on the idea that Mr. Stevenson would follow the prescription written by Mr. Collins for the creation, temporarily, of what he describes as "a sort of personal Democratic Party." It is suggested that that be done through Mr. Stevenson's friends, some with good minds, some with money or who know people with money; and also through personal relationships with influential people. But all this, I would think, is not enough, not nearly enough. The only possible way in which Mr. Stevenson could jump the gun on the national convention, assuming he would consider such a thing, would be as a result of a demand from Democrats all over the nation, so strong and so sustained that all of the Democratic Governors, or most of them, and a substantial group of Democratic Senators and Representatives, would importune him to take charge.

Such a movement is just not in the wood. Right or wrong, in the absence of a party head in the White House, the majority party members in the Senate and House, particularly the Senate, regard themselves as the spokesmen and policy makers of their party. Any attempted invasion of Senatorial prerogatives is certain to cause friction and internecine strife of substantial proportions.

"Favorite son" movements would grow, and efforts would be made to keep delegations to the National Convention away from the invader, the self-appointed policy-maker. I do not believe that Mr. Stevenson could possibly succeed in any effort to compel the other candidates and their friends to lie down and play dead, or to fall into line, —his line. I think, if Mr. Stevenson would embark on such a course, he would succeed merely in cutting his own throat politically.

Neither the nation nor either of the major political parties is ready to accept such a performance as envisaged by Mr. Collins. But, of course, Mr. Stevenson would be the first to repudiate the proposal.

PHILIP B. PERLMAN

*Washington, D. C.*

Mr. Perlman was Solicitor General of the United States from 1947 to 1952.

*The New Republic welcomes communications from its readers in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less lend themselves to publication more readily than longer letters.*

# BANDWAGON

EVERY US GOLFER dreams that some day he may be called upon to fill out a foursome with Ike.—*TIME*, August 8, 1955

LIBERAL Gov. Jim Folsom of Alabama [said], "We're not going to force our good colored folks to go to school with white people." — *Chicago Daily News*, August 10, 1955

FORMER BUDGET DIRECTOR Joseph M. Dodge told congressional investigators why he didn't think it was necessary to check for accuracy the "facts" in a special report on the Tennessee Valley Authority. "We weren't using the facts except for information," he explained. — *Delaware* [Ohio] *Gazette*, August 3, 1955.

THE EARTH satellite will have no practicable military application in the foreseeable future.

Research scientists in the Pentagon said the man-made satellite, whizzing around the earth with a tumbling motion, would give them valuable information. This could be applied to flight studies for the intercontinental ballistics missile, a dread atomic weapon now being developed for wars between the continents.—*New York Times*, July 30, 1955.

WHEN KANSAS children return to school in September they'll find enough teachers on hand—in contrast to shortages in other parts of the nation. Among the methods used to alleviate the teacher shortage were a far-flung recruiting system, consolidation of schools and the lowering of requirements.—*AP Radio Wire*, July 21, 1955.

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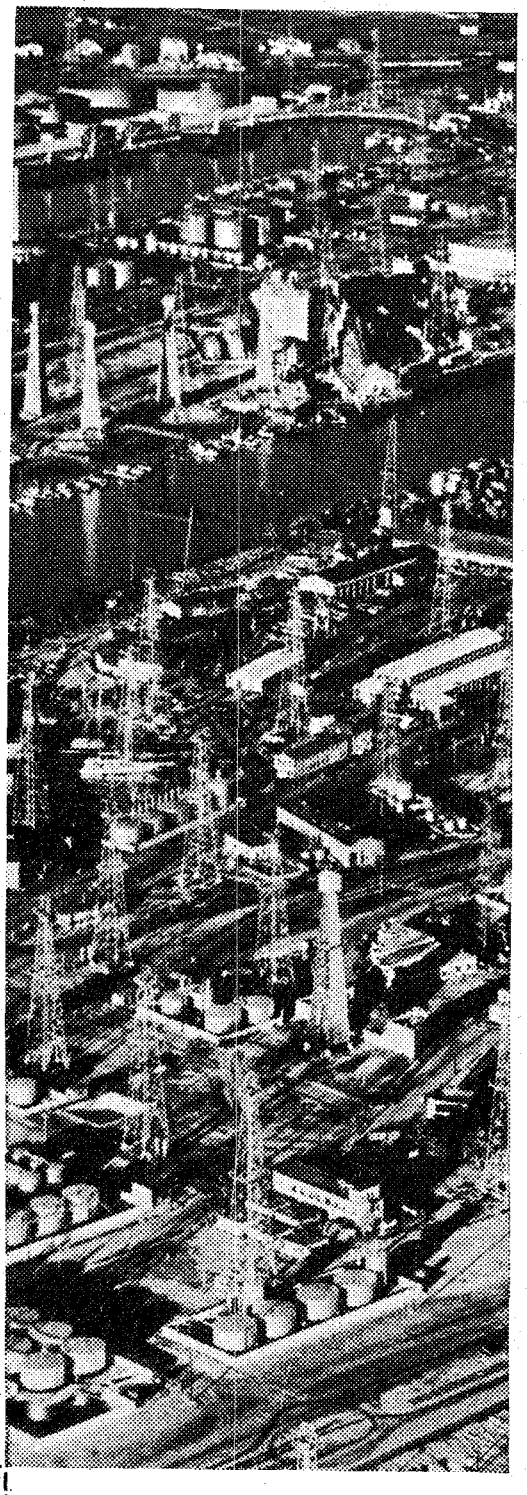

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